

FUNNYMAN

JERRY SIEGEL
JOE SHUSTER

10c

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CO.





WEB COMIC
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STEEPLEJACKASS

by

Ray Gardner

THAT'S what we called him—the Steeplejackass. He was a big blonde guy with a crazy smile that gave you the willies. He worked with our outfit on the bridge job until he met Slick Mafferty. Slick ruined him, but before that happened, Steep was plenty exciting to be near.

Like the time we got the bid to paint the Wellington Span Bridge. I was Steep's partner on the swaying platform a couple of hundred feet over the river. Nobody else would work the paint with him. Me, I'm a bachelor, so it didn't matter.

Steep—we called him that for short—would paint a few strokes, then stop and turn around and watch the boats coming and going beneath us. "Joe," he said to me, "I wonder if that water is cold? I wonder what it'd be like to jump in from here?"

"You and Steve Brodie," I muttered, painting away.

Steep looked interested. "Brodie? Who was he?"

"Fella that jumped off the Brooklyn Bridge a long time ago."

Steep thought about that for a while. He grinned, "I'll betcha he never jumped in from the span. If I jumped, I'd hold the world record for jumpin' into water, wouldn't I?"

"You'd hold the world record for being the world's prize jackass!" I snorted. "Now grab your brush and get to work. We're supposed to do this *together!*"

"Wait for me, Joe. I'm gonna jump —"

He was gone. He just spread his arms and gave a kick and then he was going down and down, getting smaller and smaller. The planking under us swayed and I had to grab a rope to keep from following him, but I watched him. He was just a dot after a while. A boat came under the bridge. I thought he would splash all over its deck, but he missed it.

He landed with a big spray of water all around him. I swallowed a dozen times, with my heart in my throat, before he came up, yelling and waving his arms and laughing. . .

He was like that. There was the time on the construction job for the new apartment houses; we were up on the twentieth story, walking around on a foot-wide girder, when Steep decided the makeshift elevator was too slow for him. He went sliding down the upright girders, all the way down. He raised inch-high blisters on his legs and was off the job three weeks.

Steep is the inventor of the chimney-ring, too. If you haven't heard of it, it blows smoke-rings when attached to your chimney. I've heard a couple of millionaires were interested, but Steep never made any money out of it.

He went after the world record for flagpole-sitting, too. Might have made it, except that after the hundred-and-thirty-second day, he began to get notions he was a flag, and flapped his arms and tried to wave in the breeze until he fell off and broke a leg.

But for all that, the foremen on the various jobs liked to see Steep working with the gang. He was always good for a laugh. Nobody would insure him, but that never bothered Steep. He used to say, "Why pay insurance? Nothin' ever happens to me!"

He was right, too. Nothing ever did, until he met Slick Mafferty. . .

Slick was a crook, one of the smart ones. He got other guys to do his dirty work. Slick took most of the money and gave the guys he worked with the credit. Usually the credit landed them behind bars.

Slick met Steep in a funny way. Steep was being a human fly that afternoon, walking around on the side of a bank building, giving out with a sandblaster. Slick stared up at him fascinated. Steep was three stories up, but you'd think he was walking around on his living-room floor, he was so relaxed.

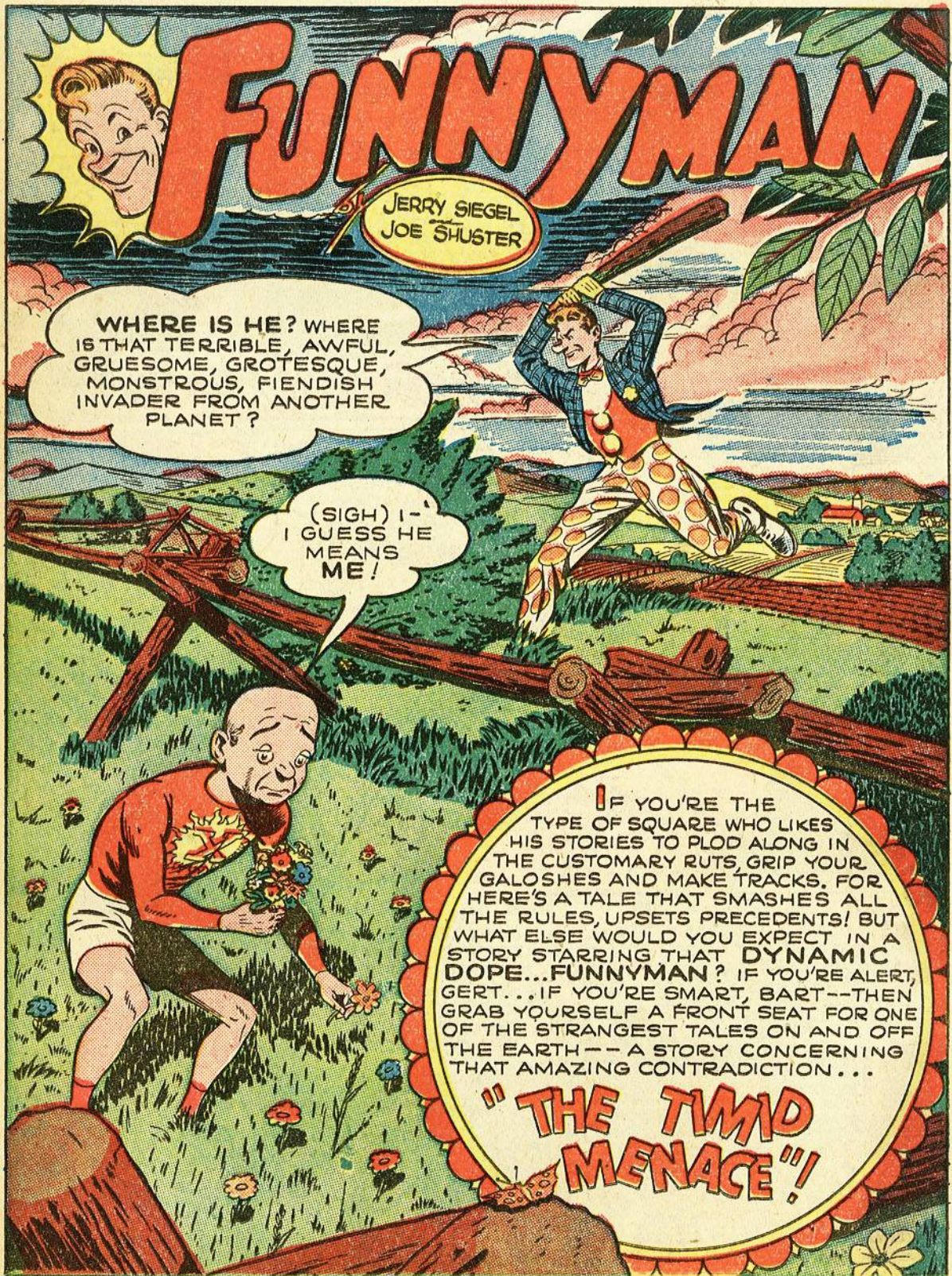
When Steep came down, Slick says to him, "You want to make some *real* money?"

Steep cackles, "They don't pay me off with counterfeit. But I'll listen to any proposition. Go ahead."

They walked off arm-in-arm, and we didn't see Steep for a long time. But we kept up with him in the newspapers. There was the time the United Mines lost thirty grand. There was no way to get into their office. The safe was near a window, up fifty stories from the sidewalk. A sheer drop for anybody crazy enough to try and go down to that window from the roof.

Steep was crazy enough to try it. As I said, he'd try anything because nothing ever hap-

(Continued on inside back cover)



FUNNYMAN

IT ALL BEGAN WHEN A MEEK, INSIGNIFICANT STRANGELY-ATTIRED MAN STROLLED DOWN MAIN STREET.

MY, MY!

G'WAN! GET OFFA TH' STREET, YA STUPE!

ER-UH-S-S-SORRY

SCREECH

WATCH YER STEP! YA ALMOST GOT KILLED!

COULD YOU-ER- DIRECT ME TO SOMEONE OF OUTSTANDING SIGNIFICANCE?

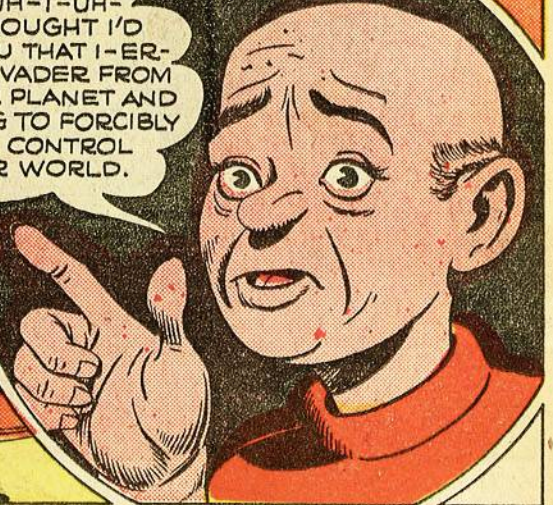
YA MEAN SOMEONE REALLY IMPORTANT, HUH? (-THIS GUY LOOKS WACKY TO ME!-)

UH-YES.

TELL IT TO DANNY. HE'S A VERY IMPORTANT GUY. IF IT WEREN'T FOR HIM, TH' STREETS WOULD NEVER BE CLEAN SO PEOPLE COULD LITTER 'EM UP AGAIN.

WHAT'S ON YOUR MIND, BUB?

ER-UH-I-UH- JUST THOUGHT I'D TELL YOU THAT I-ER- AM AN INVADER FROM ANOTHER PLANET AND AM GOING TO FORCIBLY ASSUME CONTROL OF YOUR WORLD.



FUNNYMAN



WASSAT?

FOR AN INDIVIDUAL OF TREMENDOUS SIGNIFICANCE YOU DISPLAY AN APPALLING LACK OF DISCERNMENT. I - ER - MERELY POINTED OUT THAT...

...YER GONNA CONQUER TH' EARTH! HO! HO! HO! THAT'S RICH!!

A CROWD QUICKLY GATHERS.

BUT IT'S REALLY NO CAUSE FOR MERRIMENT! I'M DEAD SERIOUS! I AM CAPABLE OF SNATCHING CONTROL OF THIS PLANET AND THAT'S EXACTLY WHAT I INTEND TO DO!



STOP THIS HACK, CABBIE! I HAVE AN UNCANNY ABILITY TO SENSE NEWS, AND MY INTUITION WARNS ME THAT A PARTICULARLY NEWS-WORTHY EVENT IS IN THE MAKING!

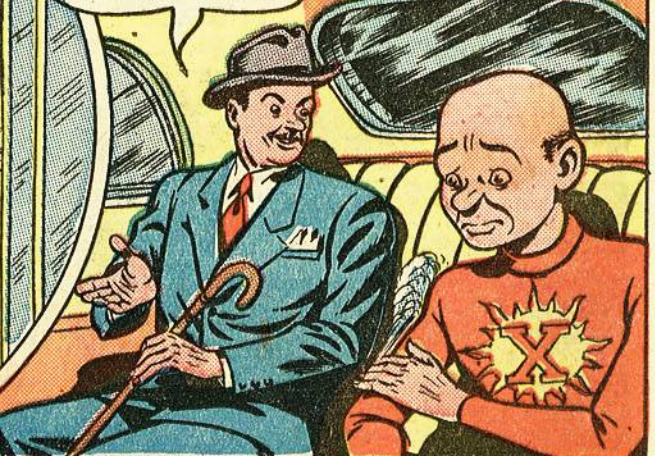


LET ME INTRODUCE MYSELF, MY GOOD SIR. I AM ORVILLE SMELLES, JOURNALIST EMPLOYED BY THE DAILY GRAPHIC.

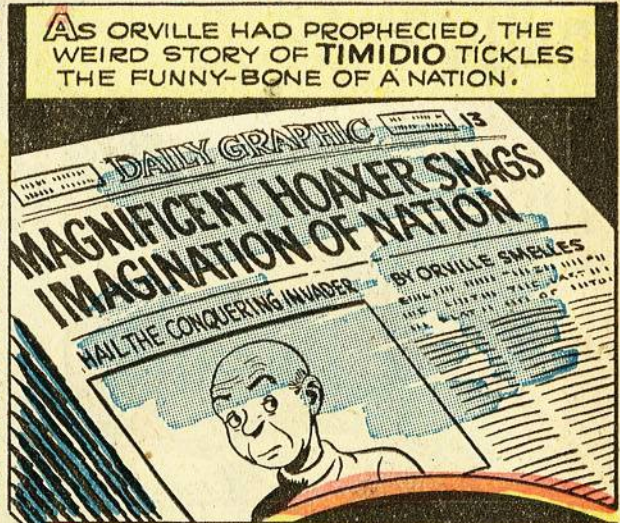
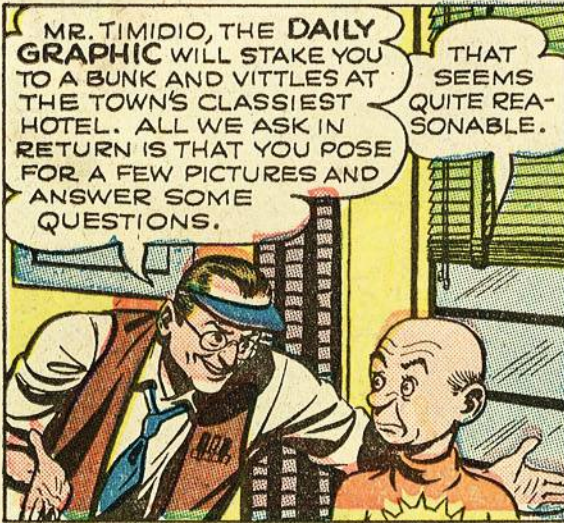
AND I AM TIMIDIO OF THE PLANET DEARTH.

AS I UNDERSTAND IT, YOU WANT THE ENTIRE WORLD TO KNOW THAT YOU ARE ABOUT TO CONQUER IT. ACCOMPANY ME TO MY NEWSPAPER, AND THE NEWS WILL BE SPED TO THE FOUR CORNERS OF THE EARTH IN MINUTES!

THAT SOUNDS REASONABLE! LEAD ON!



FUNNYMAN



FUNNYMAN

ENGAGED IN ONE OF HIS FREQUENT PUBLIC APPEARANCES FOR CHARITY, ACE COMEDIAN LARRY DAVIS TAKES TIME OFF TO SHOOT A QUERY AT JUNE FARRELL, HIS LOVELY MANAGER.

Retired SEAMEN'S FUND

HOW'M I DOIN', JUNE?

GREAT! AS USUAL, YOU'RE AT YOUR BEST WHEN THE GAGS ARE FOR SWEET CHARITY'S SAKE!

SHORTLY AFTER.

LISTEN TO 'EM LAUGH! I'M MURDERIN' 'EM!

BUT THEY'RE NOT EVEN LOOKING AT YOU!

AMBLING ALONG THE AVENUE... THE REAL CAUSE OF THE CROWD'S VOCIFEROUS LAUGHTER.

TIMIDIO! HA! HA!

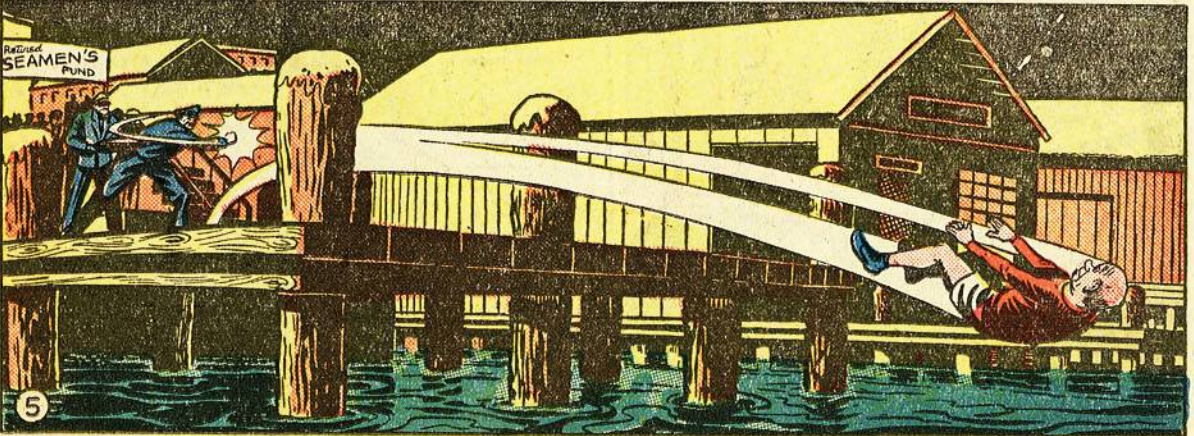
TH' PUNY LITTLE GINK WHO IS GONNA MAKE A BUM OUTA TH' WHOLE WORLD!

TOUGH GUY, EH? PROVE IT!!

UNHAND ME, SIR, OR I SHALL SUMMON A CONSTABLE!

JUST AS I THOUGHT! -YER YELLA!

OWW-WWW!





BULLIES!
SCOUNDRELS!
YOU'LL PAY
FOR THIS!

INEFFECTUAL-
APPEARING
FINGERS EXTEND
TOWARD THE
WATER--
ELECTRIC
BOLTS HURTL
FORTH.
IN RESPONSE,
HUGE WAVES
SOAR TOWARD
THE JEEERING
THROGS!



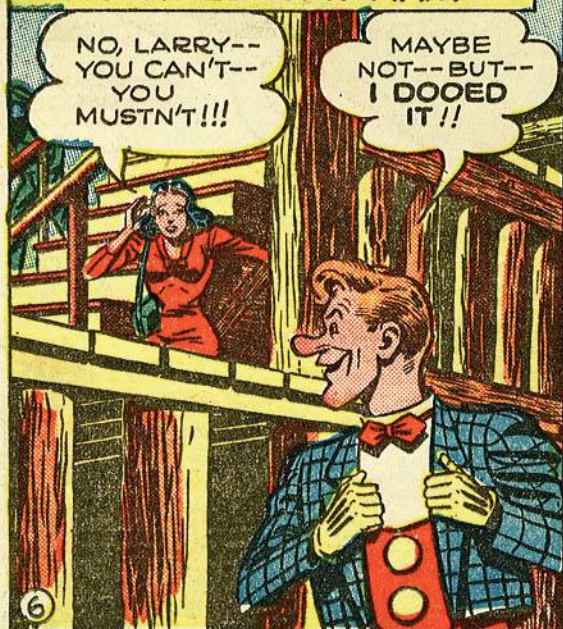
TIMIDIO
STRIKES
BACK!!



THAT CRACKPOT
TIMIDIO IS
BREAKING
UP YOUR
ACT!

CRACKPOT
OR NOT-- HE'S
DANGEROUS!

BEHIND THE PLATFORM, LARRY IS
REPLACED BY CHUCKLESOME,
HARD-FISTED FUNNYMAN!



NO, LARRY--
YOU CAN'T--
YOU
MUSTN'T!!!

MAYBE
NOT-- BUT--
I DOOD
IT!!

HEARING CROWD SCREAMS, THE
RIVER POLICE INVESTIGATE!



IT'S TIMIDIO
--AND HE'S UP
TO SOME
SUPERNATURAL
HI-JINKS!

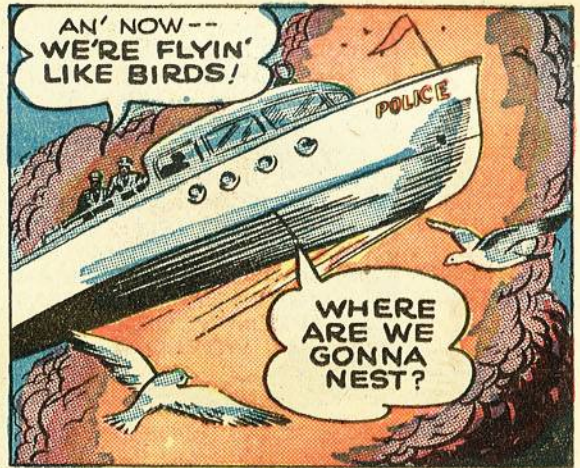
HE'S GONE
OFF HIS NUT!
OPEN FIRE!!

BANG!
BANG!!

ALMOST WEARILY, TIMIDIO GESTURES TOWARD THE POLICE BOAT--AND LIGHTNING BOLTS ONCE AGAIN HURTLE FORTH TO DO HIS BIDDING.



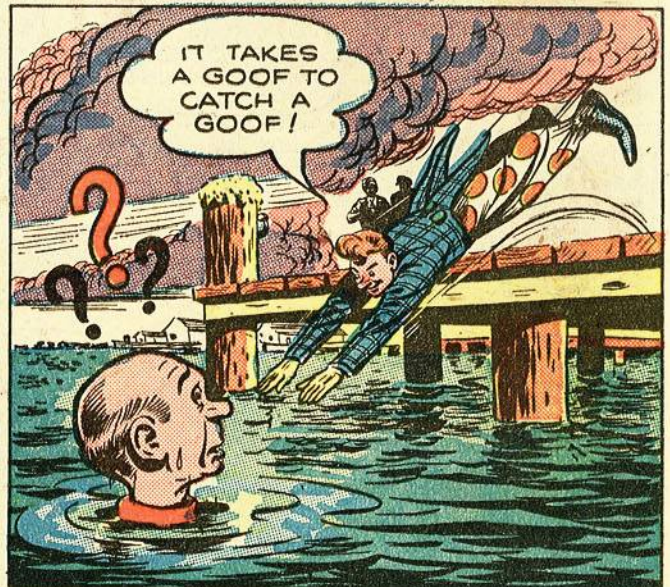
AN' NOW-- WE'RE FLYIN' LIKE BIRDS!



HOW DO WE GET OFF?



IT TAKES A GOOF TO CATCH A GOOF!



GOTCHA!

OH, DEAR! THINGS HAVE COME TO A DREADFUL PASS! I'D BEST MAKE A STRATEGIC RETREAT!

A GIGANTIC THUNDERCLAP --AND THEN...

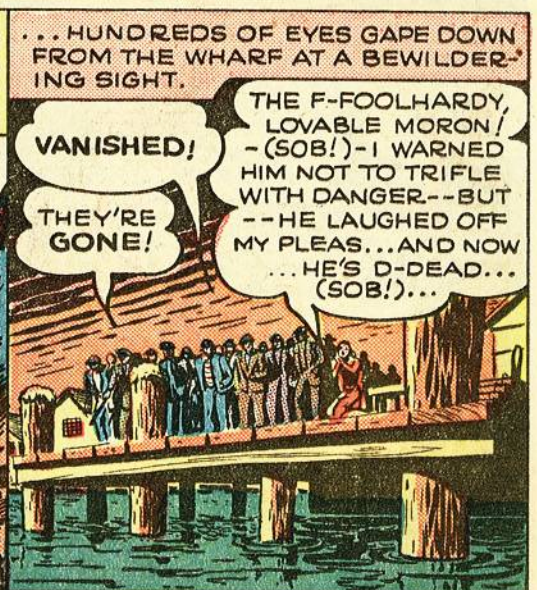


... HUNDREDS OF EYES GAPE DOWN FROM THE WHARF AT A BEWILDERING SIGHT.

VANISHED!

THEY'RE GONE!

THE F-FOOLHARDY, LOVABLE MORON! --(SOB!)-- I WARNED HIM NOT TO TRIFLE WITH DANGER-- BUT --HE LAUGHED OFF MY PLEAS... AND NOW ... HE'S D-DEAD... (SOB!)...



THRU A WEIRD IMPENETRABLE DARKNESS HURTLE A PECULIAR LITTLE MAN AND CAPTIVE

HEY! WHO TURNED OUT THE LIGHTS?

THEN IT WASN'T A HOAX! THIS TALK OF INVASION FROM ANOTHER WORLD IS ON THE LEVEL!

OF COURSE, IT IS! HAVEN'T I MADE THE ASSERTION HUNDREDS OF TIMES?

FOR YOUR INFORMATION-- WE ARE HURTLING THRU DIMENSIONAL SPACE TOWARD MY HOME PLANET WHICH IS MANY LIGHT-YEARS DISTANT FROM YOUR OWN WORLD.

WHAT A QUEER LOOKING DUMP-- BUT TO YOU, I SUPPOSE, IT'S "HOME-SWEET-HOME"!!

"QUEER," DID YOU SAY? TO THE CONTRARY, IT'S YOUR WORLD THAT DOESN'T MAKE SENSE!

LATER-- IN THE COUNCIL HALL OF THE PLANET'S RULERS.

AND WHAT HAVE YOU TO REPORT CONCERNING THE PLANET EARTH, TIMIDIO? SHALL WE PROCEED WITH THE INVASION PLANS?

ER-- RATHER THAN PREJUDICE YOU WITH MY REPORT ALONE, I'VE BROUGHT BACK WITH ME A SPECIMEN INHABITANT OF EARTH SO THAT YOU CAN FORM YOUR OWN CONCLUSIONS.

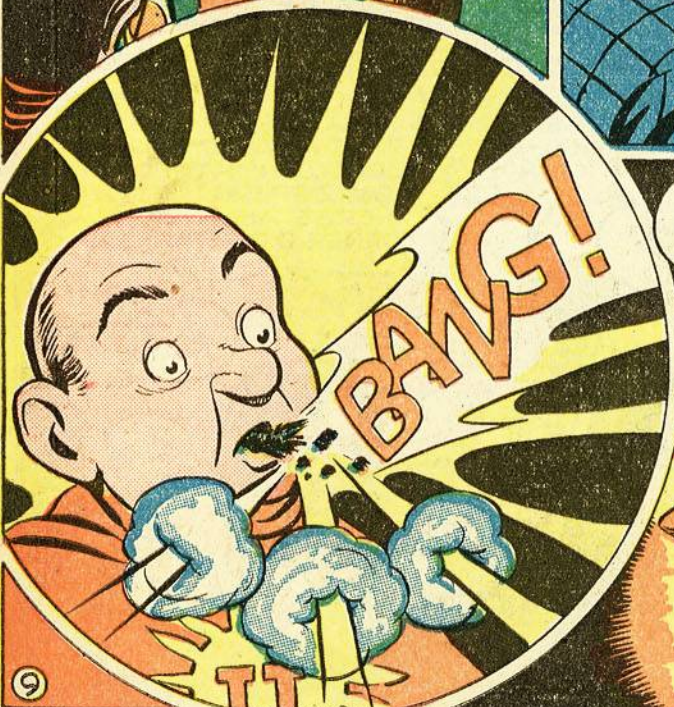
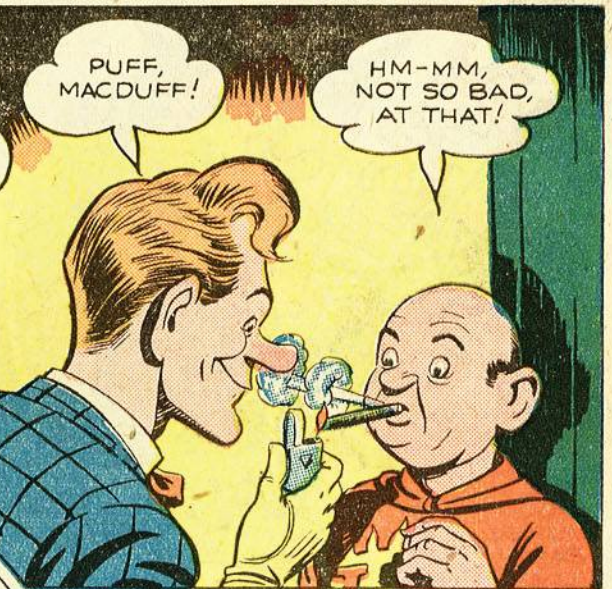
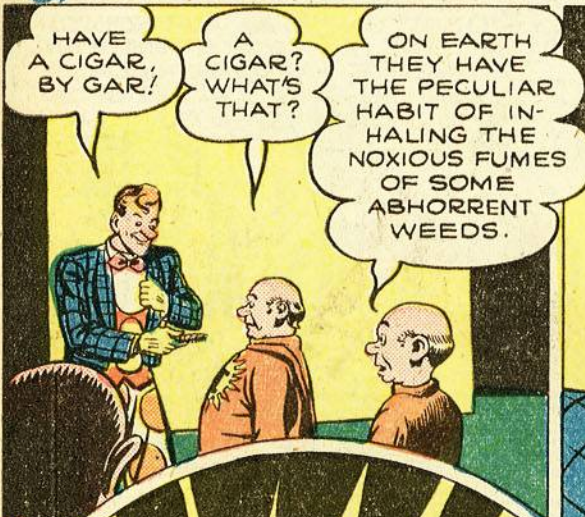
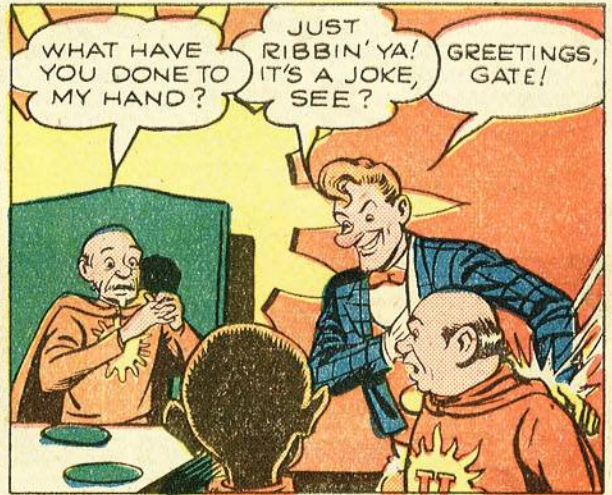
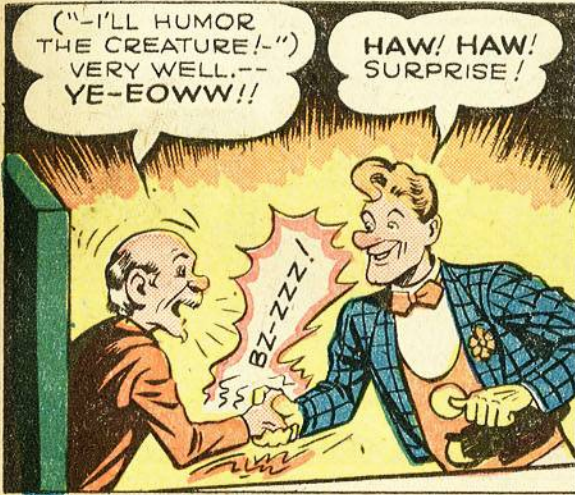
TELL US ABOUT YOURSELF, EARTH-LING!

HAW! HAW! -- AIN'T MUCH TA TELL EXCEPT'N I'M **FUNNYMAN**, AND I RECKON I'M ABOUT TH' SMARTEST GINK IN TH' WORLD! TEE-HEE-HEEEE! ... **SHAKE, CHUM!**

"SHAKE"??

YEAH. IT'S AN OLD EARTHLY CUSTOM. IT MEANS MEET TH' MITT. PAT TH' PALM. IN OTHER WORDS, "SHAKE"! PUT 'ER THERE, SQUARE!!

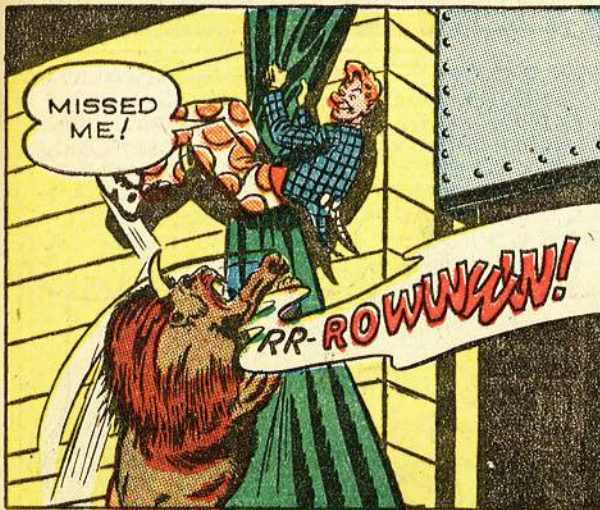
FUNNYMAN



FUNNYMAN



FUNNYMAN



FUNNYMAN



CAREFUL! THAT CLOAK HAS BEEN HANDED DOWN FROM MY ANCIENT ANCESTORS. I VALUE IT HIGHLY.

RELAX! WHEN I FINISH, MY HEAP POWERFUL MAGIC WILL MAKE THE CLOAK AS GOOD AS NEW!

WELL? RESTORE IT!

ODD, THAT'S THE FIRST TIME MY FANTASTIC POWERS FAILED TO WORK!

MY CLOAK-- RUINED BY THAT IDIOT!



ONLY ONE MORE QUESTION. IS EVERYONE ON EARTH LIKE YOU?

YES, BUT-- ER-- OF COURSE, THEY'RE NOT AS BRILLIANT AS I!

GET RID OF HIM! I NEVER WANT TO HEAR OF HIM, OR OF EARTH, AGAIN! IF WE TRY TO SUBJUGATE HIS PLANET, WE'LL BECOME AS MAD AS ITS INHABITANTS!

WE NEVER REALLY WANTED TO INVADE EARTH, ANYWAY. WE'RE NICE, GENTLE FOLK, BUT FELT WE HAD TO LIVE UP TO OUR WAR-LIKE ANCESTORS' REPUTATION.--BACK TO EARTH WITH YOU!!

FUNNYMAN MATERIALIZES BACK AT THE SPOT WHERE HE HAD DISAPPEARED. IT IS NIGHTTIME.



P-POOR L-LARRY! IT'S SO HARD TO BELIEVE I'LL NEVER SEE HIM AGAIN.

NO SUCH LUCK, JUNE!

FUNNYMAN! L-LARRY!!...I-I THOUGHT YOU'D PERISHED WITH TIMIDIO.

I MUST HAVE BEEN WEDGED UNCONSCIOUS, BENEATH THE WHARF ALL THIS TIME. ("NO USE TELLING JUNE THE TRUTH. SHE'D NEVER BELIEVE THAT A FEW COMIC CUT-UPS SAVED THE EARTH FROM A TERRIBLE INVASION!-")

FUNNYMAN

JERRY SIEGEL
JOE SHUSTER

FUNNYMAN! WHAT A GUY!
HE MAKES HARD-BOILED
CRIMINALS CRY!

BALLADS ARE YODELED ABOUT IT!
PERENNIAL WANDERERS OVER
THE FACE OF THE GLOBE
WHISPER NOSTALGICALLY ABOUT
IT! HARDENED CRIMINALS
BLUBBER MISTY-EYED OVER
IT! YEA, EVEN YOU AND I CAN-
NOT ESCAPE ITS IRRESISTIBLE
APPEAL. WE'RE REFERRING,
OF COURSE, TO THAT PRECIOUS,
MAGICAL HABITAT IMMORTALIZED
IN SONG AND REMINISCENCE:
HOME!— AND NOW, IF YOU'LL
PARDON THE EXPRESSION,
WE'LL WANDER FROM THE
SUBLIME TO THE SLIME AND
INTRODUCE YOU TO THE
ZANIEST DOMICILE OF ALL: **FUNNY-
MANOR!** OR, TO BE EXPLICIT... **"THE
HOUSE THAT FUNNYMAN BUILT!"**

**THE HOUSE
THAT FUNNYMAN
BUILT!**

INSIDE A PARKED TRUCK.
"GIGGLES" CAIN CACKLES
LAST MINUTE ORDERS.

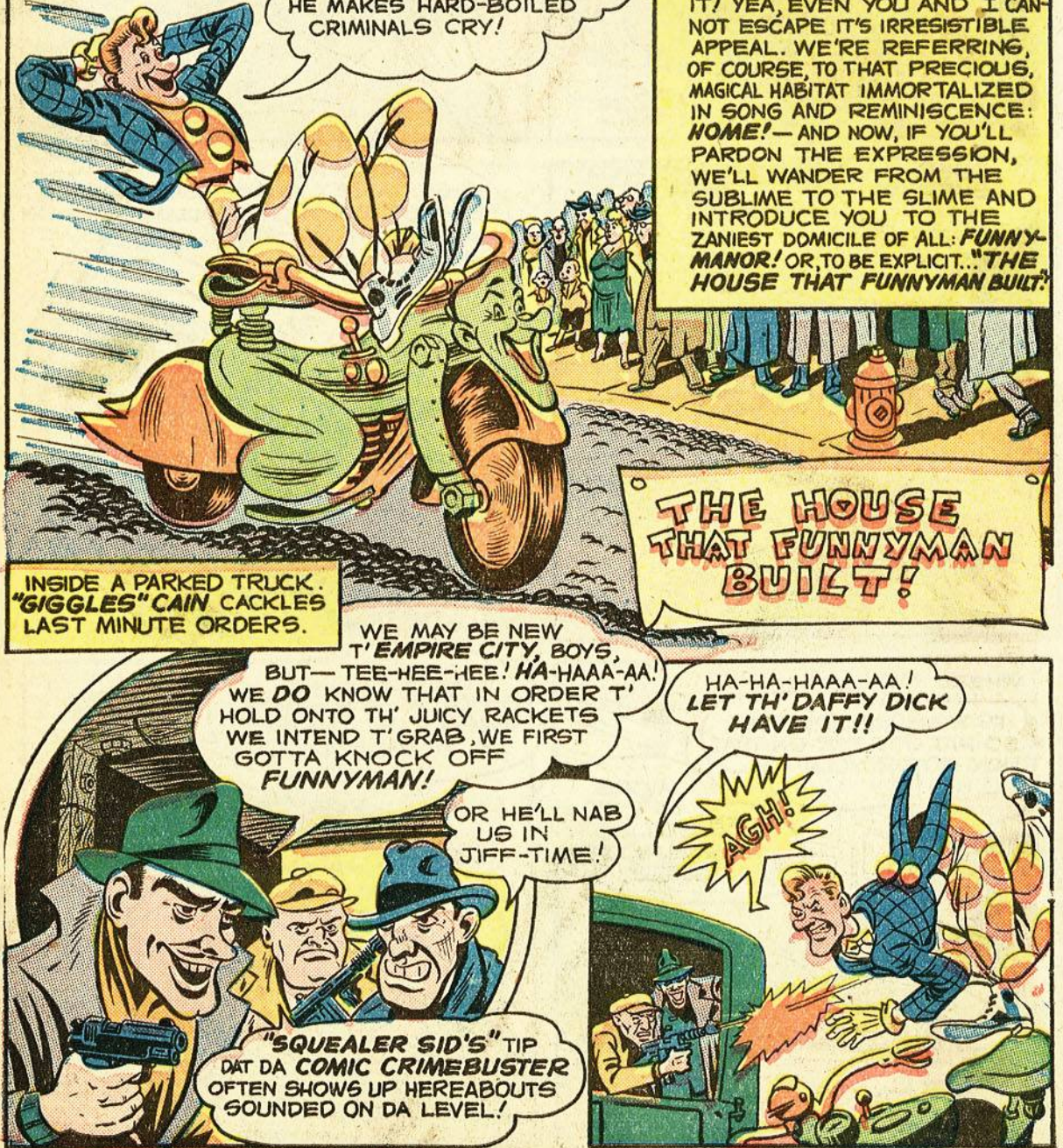
WE MAY BE NEW
T' EMPIRE CITY, BOYS,
BUT— TEE-HEE-HEE! HA-HAAA-AA!
WE DO KNOW THAT IN ORDER T'
HOLD ONTO TH' JUICY RACKETS
WE INTEND T' GRAB, WE FIRST
GOTTA KNOCK OFF
FUNNYMAN!

OR HE'LL NAB
US IN
JIFF-TIME!

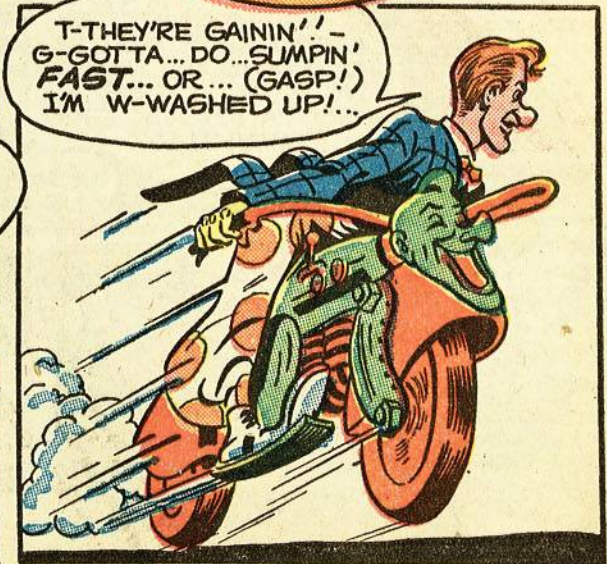
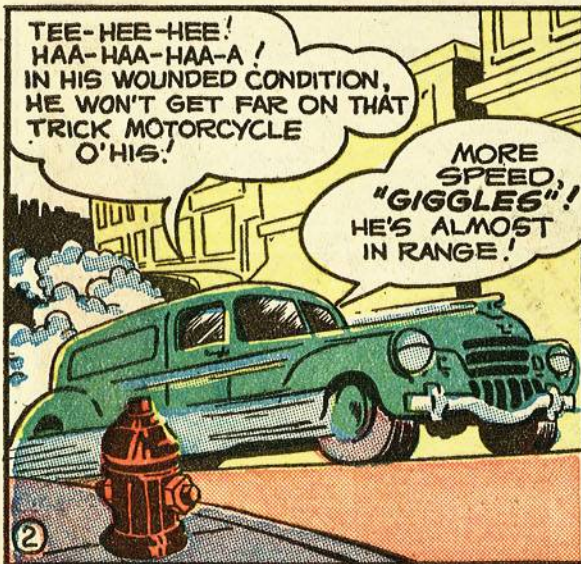
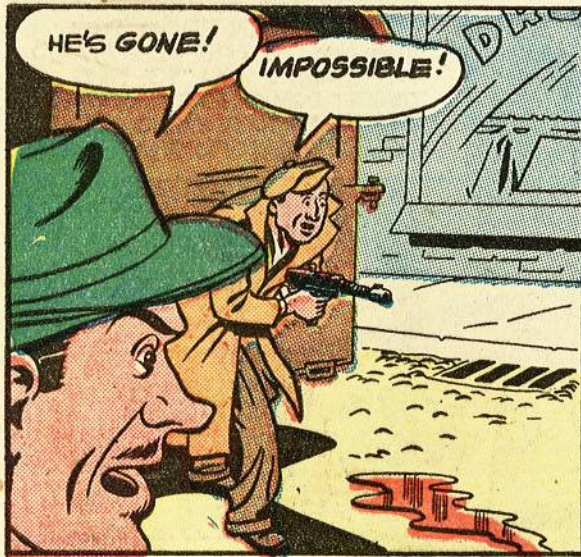
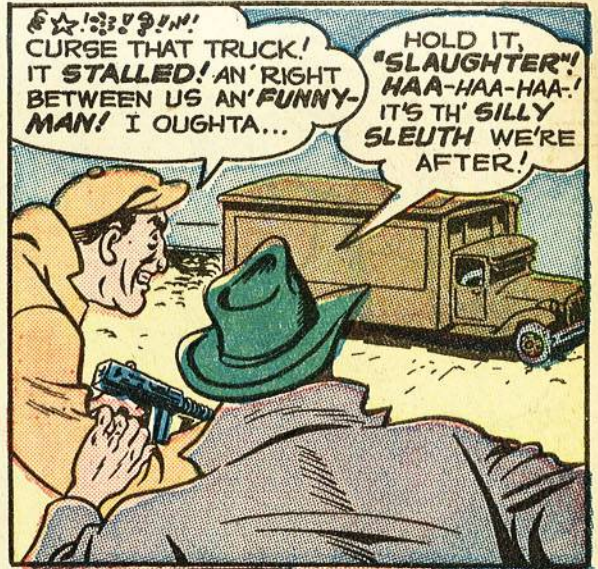
"SQUEALER SID'S" TIP
DAT DA COMIC CRIMEBUSTER
OFTEN SHOWS UP HEREABOUTS
SOUNDED ON DA LEVEL!

HA-HA-HAAA-AA!
LET TH' DAFFY DICK
HAVE IT!!

AGH!



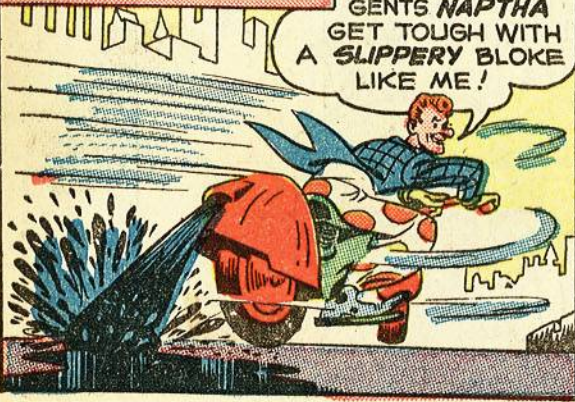
FUNNYMAN



FUNNYMAN

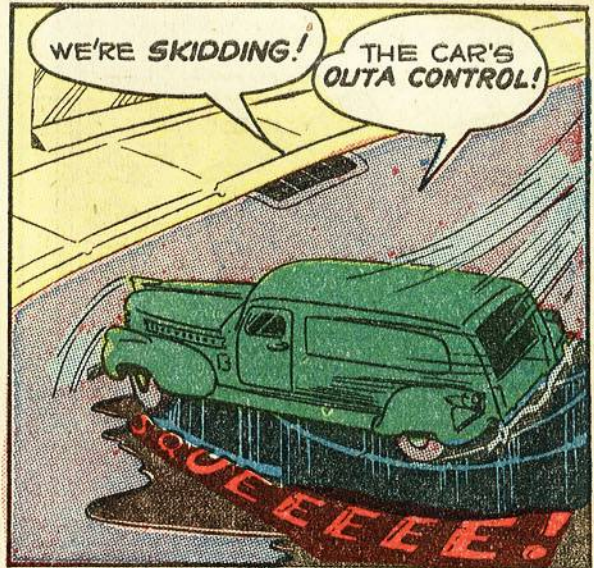
A GLOVED FINGER JABS AT A BUTTON ON A **TRIX-CYCLE** HANDLEBAR — AND GUSHING OIL SPATTERS THE PAVEMENT BEHIND THE UNIQUE VEHICLE!

MESBE A LIL' OIL WILL "PERSUADE" THEM **GREASY** GENTS **NAPTHA** GET TOUGH WITH A **SLIPPERY** BLOKE LIKE ME!



WE'RE **SKIDDING**!

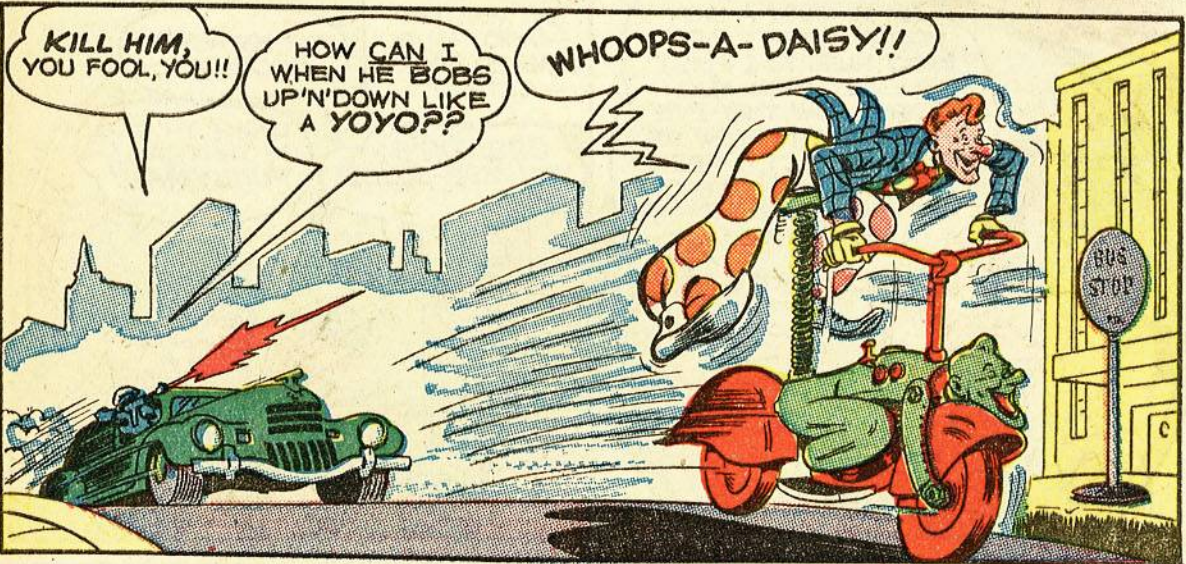
THE CAR'S **OUTA CONTROL**!



KILL HIM, YOU FOOL, YOU!!

HOW CAN I WHEN HE BOBS UP'N'DOWN LIKE A YOYOP?

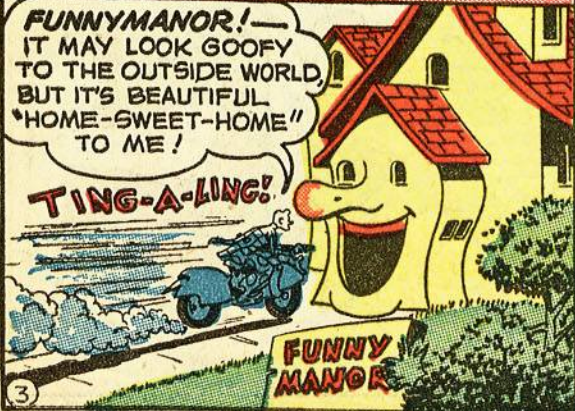
WHOOPS-A-DAISY!!



MOMENTS LATER, THE **TRIX-CYCLE** ZIPS TO A PECULIAR SANCTORUM. AT THE SOUND OF THE **WONDER-BIKE'S** BELL, AN ENTRANCE IN THE WEIRD ESTABLISHMENT POPS MAGICALLY OPEN.

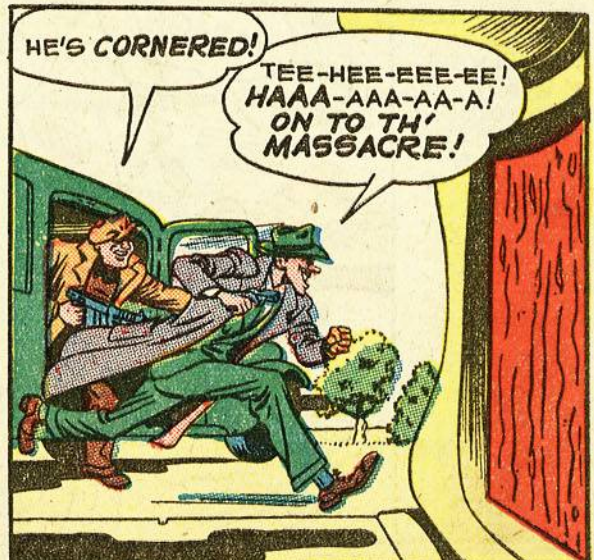
FUNNYMANOR! — IT MAY LOOK GOOFY TO THE OUTSIDE WORLD, BUT IT'S BEAUTIFUL "HOME-SWEET-HOME" TO ME!

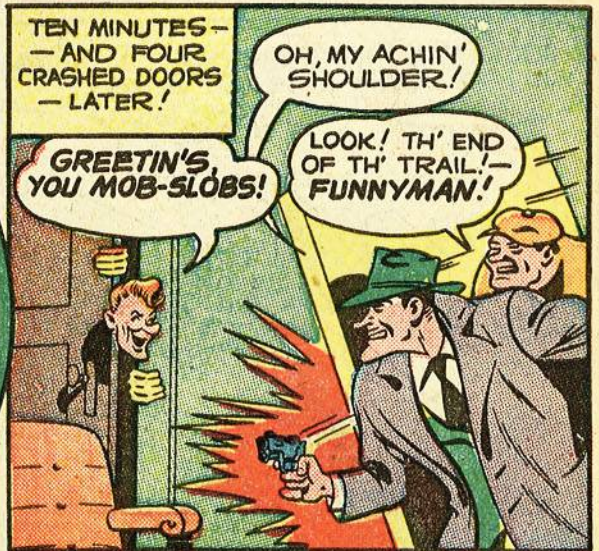
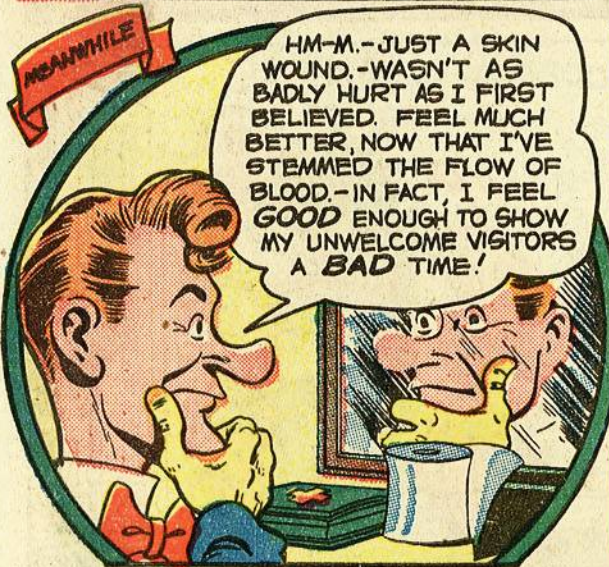
TING-A-LING!



HE'S **CORNERED**!

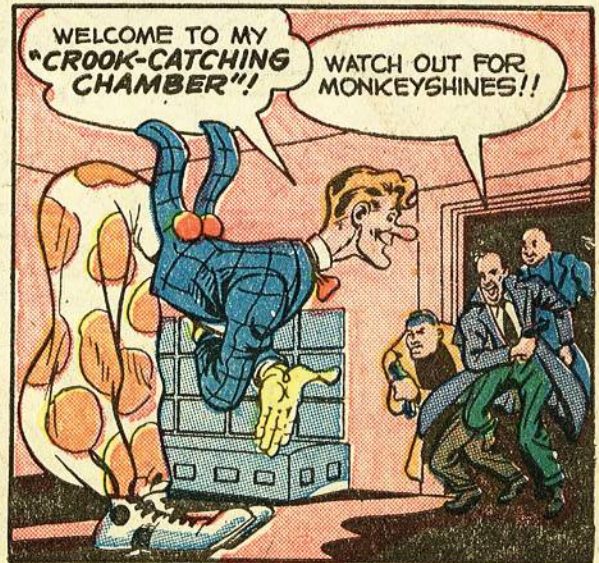
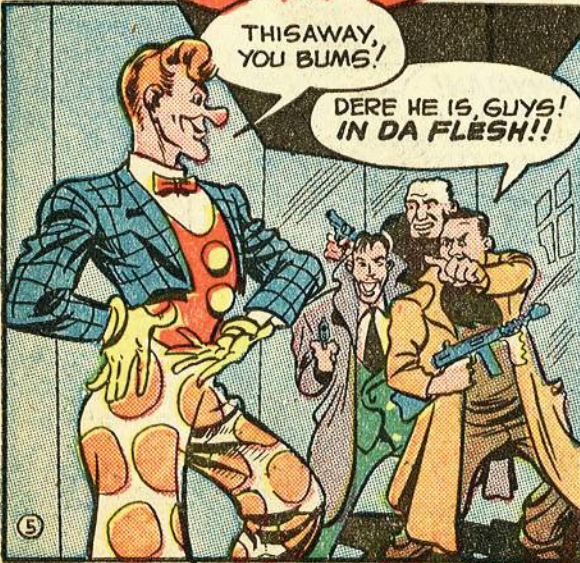
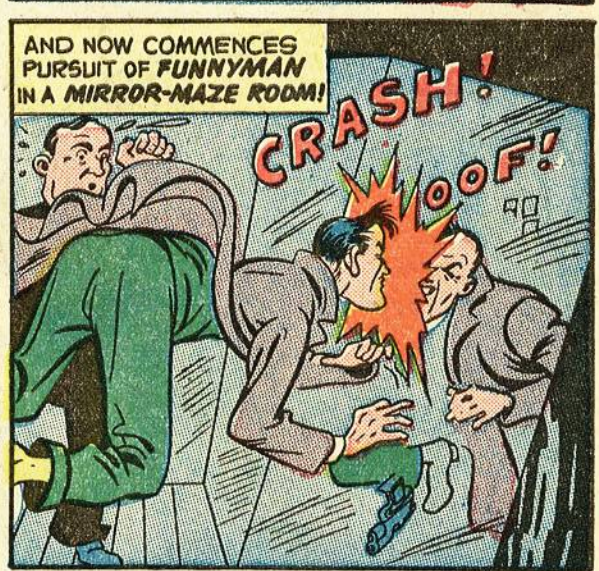
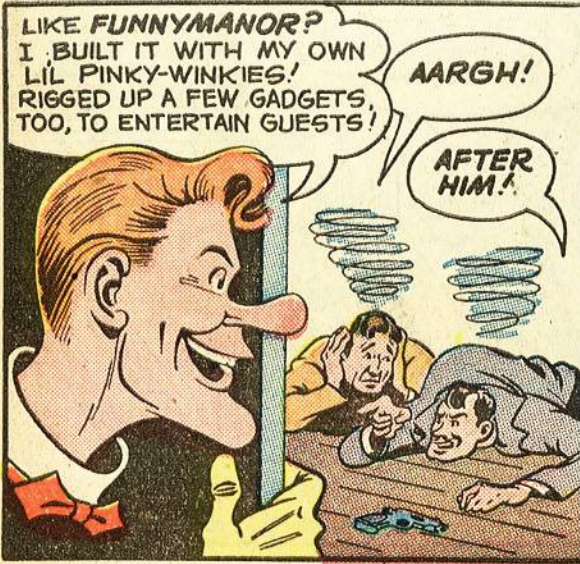
TEE-HEE-EEE-EE!
HAAA-AAA-AA-A!
ON TO TH' **MASSACRE**!



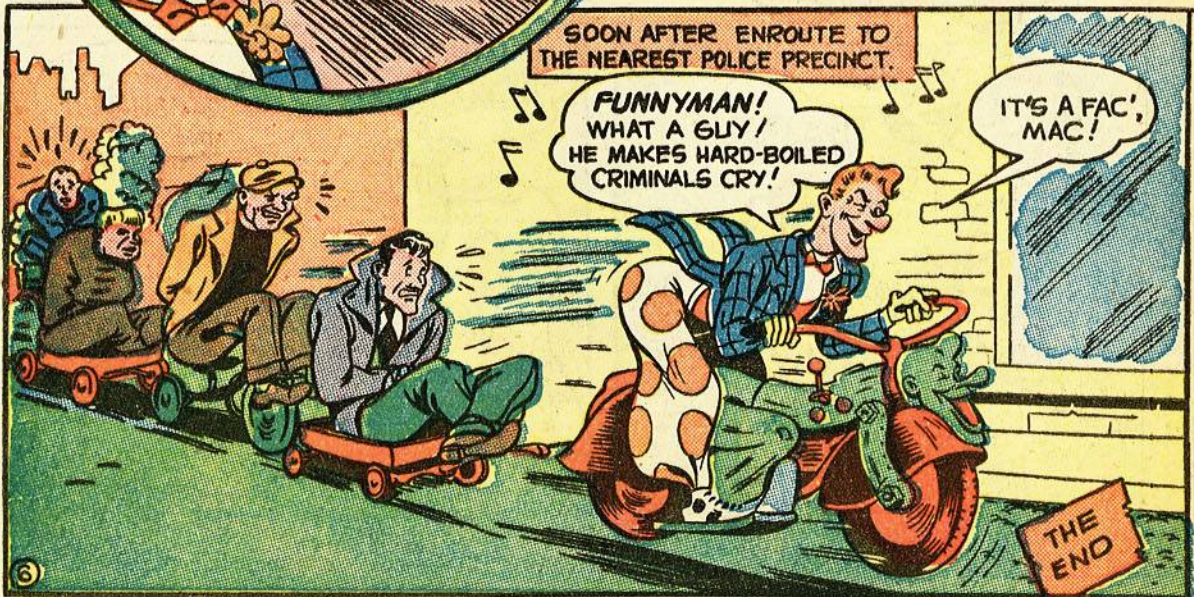
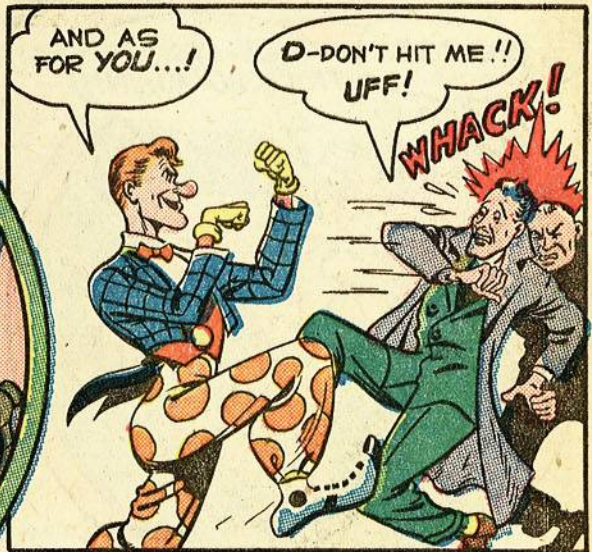
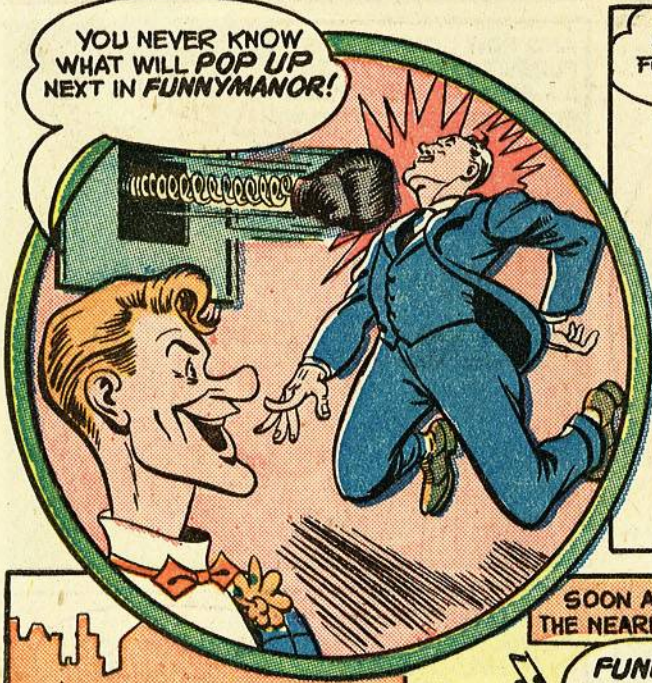
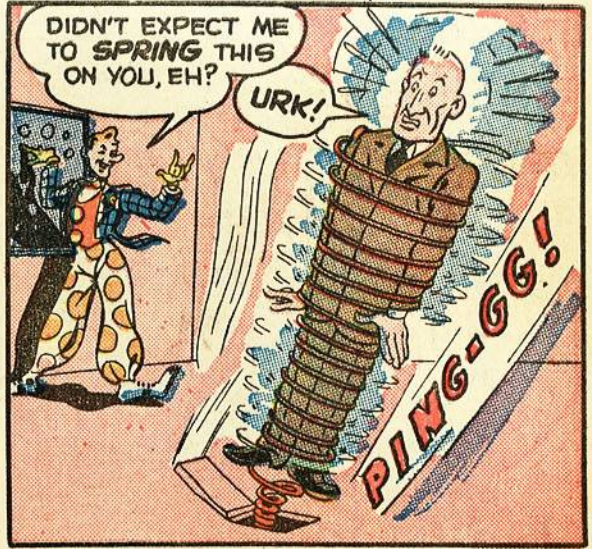
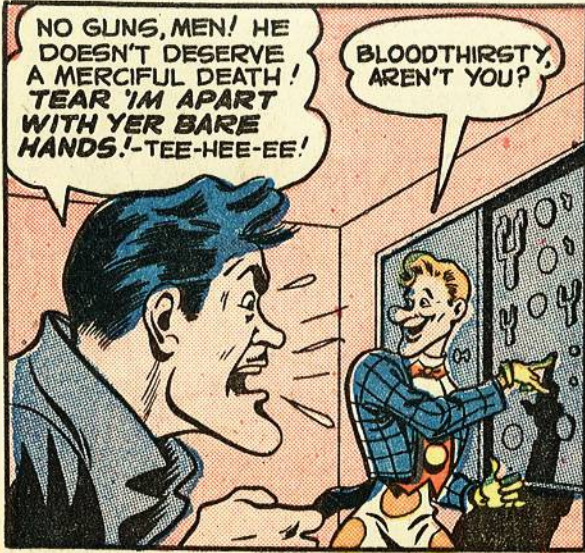


ABRUPTLY, THE ROOM REVOLVES LIKE A PIN-WHEEL! GANGSTERS HURTL' HEADLONG IN EVERY DIRECTION!

FUNNYMAN



FUNNYMAN



FUNNYMAN

JERRY SIEGEL
JOE SHUSTER

**YEA,
FUNNYMAN!**

**YEA, DOC
GIMMICK!**

STEPP-PP RIGHT UP, LADIES AN' GENTS! GET YOURSELVES A FRONT SEAT AT ONE OF THE MOST UNUSUAL BATTLES OF THE CENTURY! **FUNNYMAN VS. DOC GIMMICK!** BOTH, THO' ON OPPOSITE SIDES OF THE LAW, ARE FAMED FOR THEIR UNUSUAL FIGHTING TACTICS. . . BOTH ARE MASTERS OF WEIRD COMBATIVE GADGETS. YEP! FIREWORKS APLENTY POP. . .
"WHEN GADGETEERS CLASH"



FUNNYMAN

WARDEN GILHOOEY'S OFFICE AT CHIRP-CHIRP PENITENTIARY.

DOC GIMMICK,
I'M GOING TO GIVE YOU
A CHANCE TO USE YOUR
INVENTIVE GENIUS. I'M
PLACING YOU IN CHARGE
OF THE OUTDOOR STAGE
TO BE CONSTRUCTED
IN THE "YARD."

A THOUSAND
THANKS, WARDEN.
I'M SURE THE OUT-
DOOR ENTERTAIN-
MENT WILL PROVE
AN EXTREMELY
SUCCESSFUL MORALE
FACTOR.

SOON AFTER, **DOC GIMMICK** EXCITEDLY
CONFIDES IN CELLMATE "**HEE HAW**"
JOHNSON, EX-BIG-LEAGUE PITCHER.

WHAT A WONDERFUL
OPPORTUNITY! I'VE
ALREADY FIGURED
OUT HOW THE TWO
OF US CAN BREAK
OUT OF HERE--VIA
THE OUTDOOR
STAGE!

**HEE-
HAWW-
WW!!!**



**QUIET, YOU
FOOL, YOU!** WANT THE
WHOLE WORLD TO
KNOW WE'VE SOME-
THING SINISTER
AFOOT??

SORRY, DOC. NEVER
COULD CONTROL
THAT EAR-SPLITTIN'
LAUGH O' MINE.

WHEN I GET OUTA HERE,
I'M GONNA GET EVEN WITH
THEM MUGS WHO KICKED
ME OUTA ORGANIZED
BASEBALL JUST 'CAUSE
I ACCEPTED A COUPLE
OF MEASLY BRIBES!

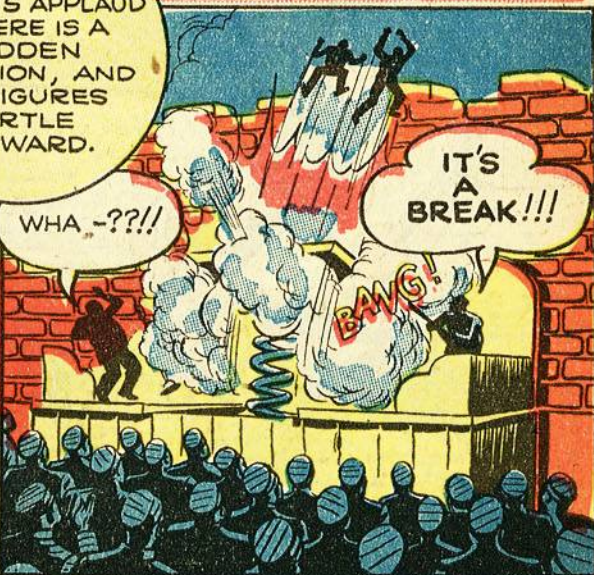
FIRST WE'LL
ATTEND
TO THE
ACCURSED
SLEUTH WHOSE
DETECTING
LANDED ME
HERE...
FUNNYMAN!



**THE NIGHT OF THE OUTDOOR
STAGE'S DEDICATION.**

AND NOW, LET'S HAVE A
ROUND OF APPLAUSE FOR THE
TWO MEN WHO HELPED MAKE
THIS STAGE A REALITY--**DOC
GIMMICK AND "HEE-HAW"
JOHNSON!**

BUT AS
THE ASSEMBLED
CONVICTS APPLAUD
-- THERE IS A
SUDDEN
EXPLOSION, AND
TWO FIGURES
HURTLE
SKYWARD.

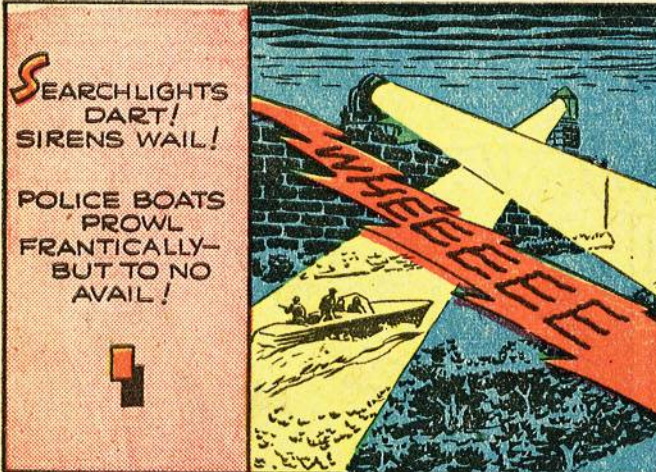


WHA...-??!!

**IT'S
A
BREAK!!!**

BANG!

FUNNYMAN



FUNNYMAN

IN FLEA ROW, TWO DISGUISED FIGURES PLAN AND PLOT.

IT SAYS HERE THAT **FUNNYMAN** IS GOING TO APPEAR AT A CHARITY CARNIVAL TOMORROW. HE'S TO BE THE TARGET AT A BASEBALL-TOSSING CONCESSION. HM-MM. AN IDEA IS PERCOLATING IN MY SKULL.

BETCHA IT HAS SOMETHIN' TO DO WITH KNOCKIN' OFF TH' **SCREWBALL SCRAPER!**

SO THIS IS HOW **FUNNYMAN** CAN HELP SWEET CHARITY!

FOR ONCE, YOU'RE USING YOUR HEAD!

WHILE YOU'RE THROWING BASEBALLS, I'LL SLIP YOU THE SPECIALLY-PREPARED, EXPLOSIVES-LOADED CREATION I'VE DUBBED "THE BOOM-BALL"!

WHEN IT CONNECTS-- **POW!---** THERE'LL BE NO MORE **FUNNYMAN!**

FIVE FOR A QUARTER!

GIMMIE FIFTY CENTS WORTH, LADY!



THIS AIN'T SUCH A BAD RACKET, AT THAT! SO FAR, NO ONE'S CONKED MY NOODLE!

NEXT INSTANT...!



FUNNYMAN



DIS IS FUN!

(PS-ST! HERE'S "THE BOOM-BALL"!)

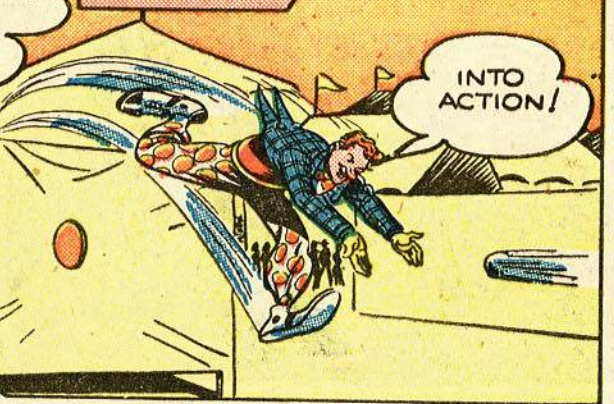
AS JOHNSON WINDS-UP FOR THE DEADLY TOSS, HE CANNOT RESTRAIN THE BURST OF DEAFENING LAUGHTER WHICH IS HIS VOCAL TRADEMARK.

HEE-HAWWW-
WWW!!!



("-THAT HOWL! IT'S THE PECULIAR, DISTINCTIVE LAUGH OF 'HEE-HAW' JOHNSON, DOC GIMMICK'S PARTNER-IN-CRIME!-")

OVER THE CANVAS' TOP, AND DOWN INTO THE PATH OF THE STREAKING "BOOM-BALL" VAULTS THE DAFFY DAREDEVIL!



INTO ACTION!

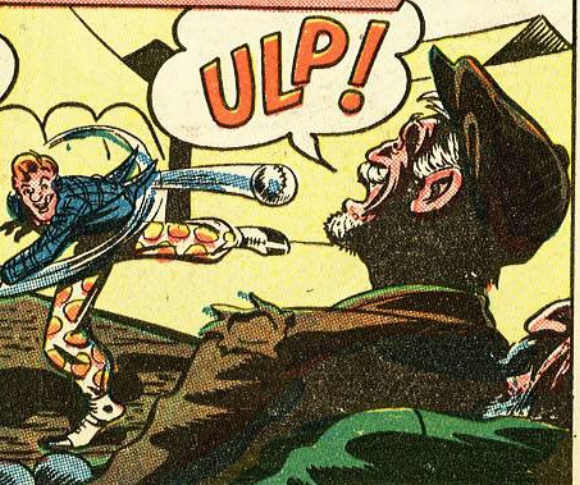


NOW FOR A RETURN PLAY!

NO! DON'T THROW IT BACK!

IT'S LOADED WITH A DEADLY EXPLOSIVE!

BACK HURTTLES A CYLINDRICAL OBJECT AT HURRICANE-FORCE!



ULP!

FUNNYMAN

BALL CONNECTS WITH HEAD!

YIKE!

BUT--MIRACLE OF MIRACLES...!

THAT'S WHAT YOU THINK!

("SUBSTITUTING A HARMLESS BALL FOR THE OTHER BALL CALLED FOR NEAT SLEIGHT-OF-HAND!-")

N-NO EXPLOSION!

I C-CAN'T BEAR TO LOOK! THIS IS THE END!

WHAT DO YOU CALL THIS?

CHEE! STARS AN' PLANETS!!

OFF SPEEDS DOC GIMMICK WITH FUNNYMAN IN CLOSE PURSUIT...

I ANTICIPATED A POSSIBLE UPSET... AND PREPARED FOR THE EVENTUALITY!

GOTCHA!

A D-DUMMY!

HO! HO! NEATLY TRAPPED! IF YOU ASK ME, **FUNNYMAN**, YOU'RE THE DUMMY!

FUNNYMAN

AS THE CAGE SPRINGS SHUT UPON FUNNYMAN, THE RAILCAR, UPON WHICH IT IS POISED, AUTOMATICALLY MOVES INTO MOTION.

MY REVENGE IS COMPLETE!
FAREWELL
FUNNYMAN!!

SHORTLY AFTER--THE RAILCAR HURTTLES OFF A CLIFF'S EDGE DOWN INTO THE SEA.

SPLASH!

SOB!

THERE, THERE, JUNE!

("HO! HO!-")

("-WHAT A SUPERB MOMENT OF SWEET TRIUMPH THIS IS! I COULDN'T RESIST THE IMPULSE TO COME AND GLOAT OVER MY FALLEN FOE!-")

YAA-AAA!

HI-YA, DOC!

EE-EE-EE!

FUNNYMAN



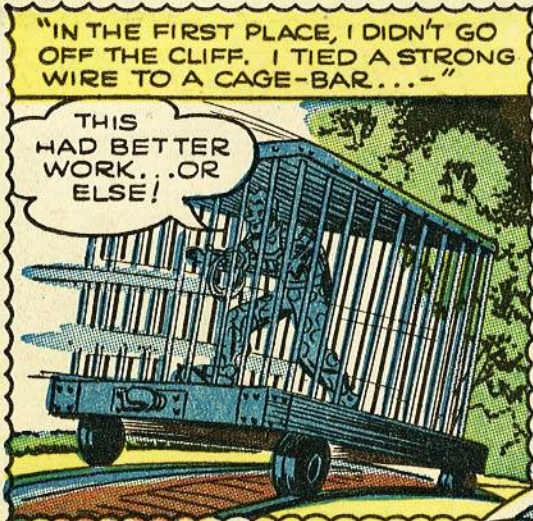
NO!
Y-YOU'RE
D-DEAD!!!

ONLY IN TH'
HEAD, DOC!
OTHERWISE,
I'M AS ALIVE
AS YOU
ARE!



BUT THIS IS IMPOSSIBLE!
YOU CRASHED OFF THE CLIFF!
--THOSE ARTICLES IN
THE NEWSPAPERS...

LEMME
EXPLAIN.

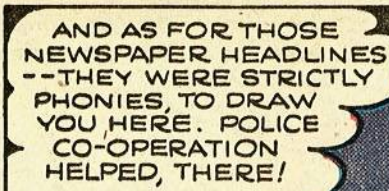


"IN THE FIRST PLACE, I DIDN'T GO
OFF THE CLIFF. I TIED A STRONG
WIRE TO A CAGE-BAR..."

THIS
HAD BETTER
WORK...OR
ELSE!



"...THEN TOSSED THE HOOK AT THE WIRE'S
END, TOWARD A NEARBY TREE. IT CAUGHT
--BARELY IN THE NICK OF TIME!"



AND AS FOR THOSE
NEWSPAPER HEADLINES
--THEY WERE STRICTLY
PHONIES, TO DRAW
YOU HERE. POLICE
CO-OPERATION
HELPED, THERE!



AWK!
-???

IT'S NOT MAGIC!
I MERELY TURNED
ON THE POWERFUL
MAGNET IN MY
BELT!

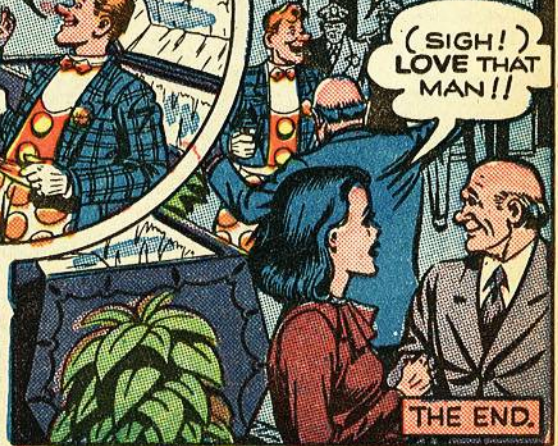
HE'S YOURS,
OFFICERS!

THANKS,
FUNNYMAN!

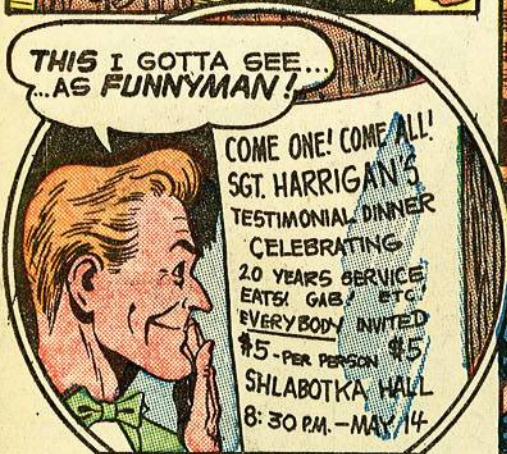
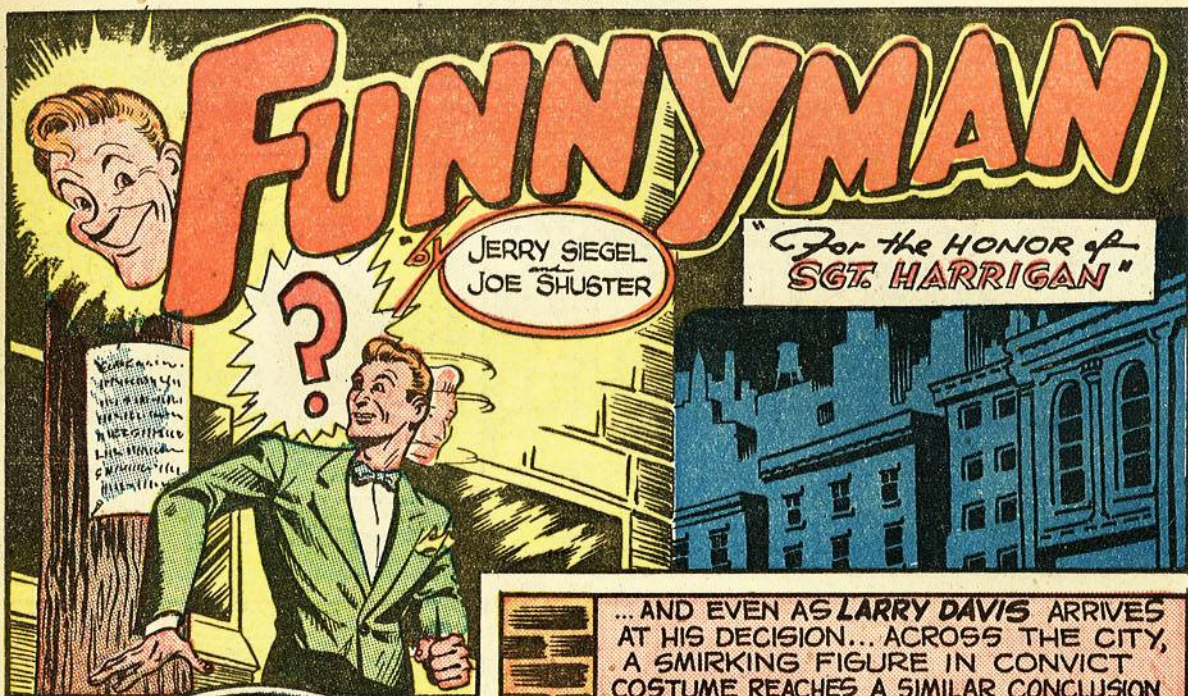
(SIGH!)
LOVE THAT
MAN!!



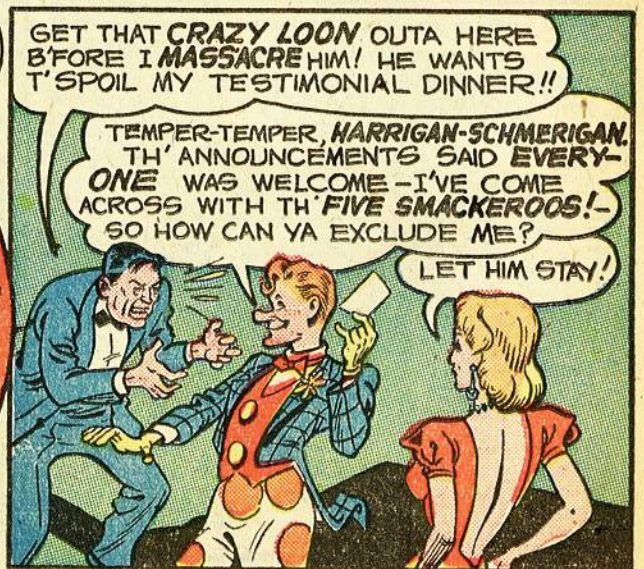
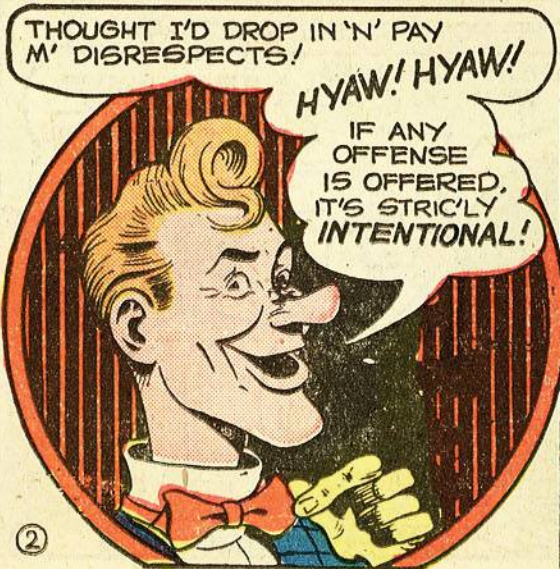
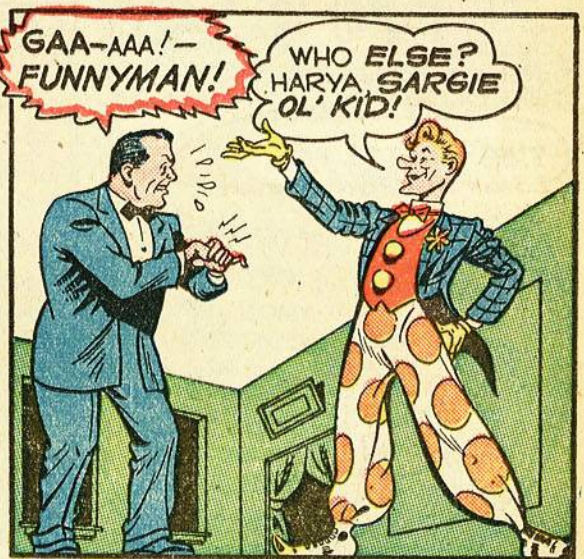
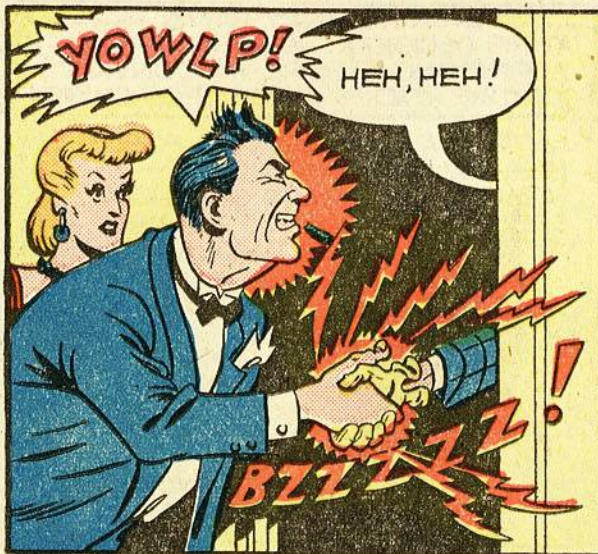
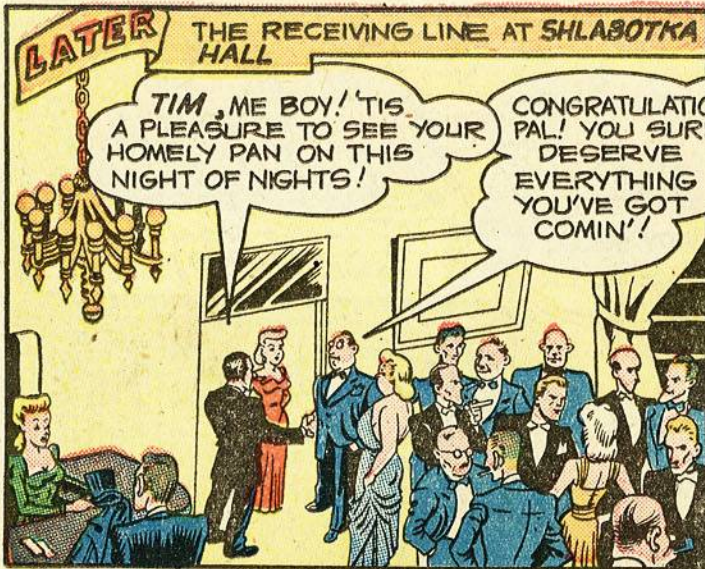
I HAD HOPED TO
POLISH YOU OFF IN A
DISTINCTIVE MANNER
MORE APPROPRIATE
TO MY REPUTATION
AS A GADGETEER,
BUT THIS GUN WILL
HAVE TO DO!



THE END.

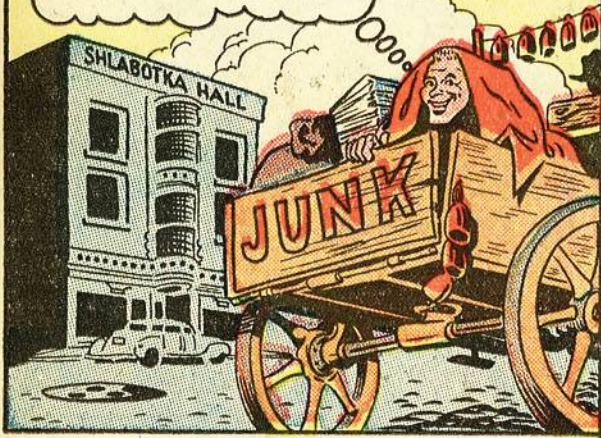


FUNNYMAN



FUNNYMAN

"LUCKY ME! IN JUST A FEW MOMENTS I'LL BE SPLASHIN' IN TH' SOCIAL SWIM—COURTESY O' DEAR OL' SGT. HARRIGAN."



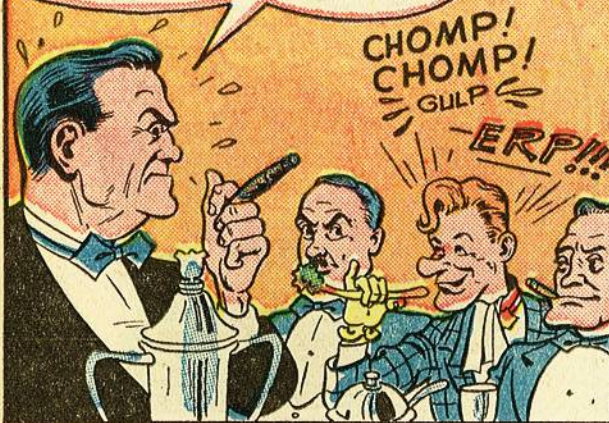
— AND IN CLOSING, LET ME SAY THAT AS **POLICE COMMISSIONER** OF **EMPIRE CITY**, IT GIVES ME TREMENDOUS PLEASURE TO PRESENT THIS **SILVER LOVING CUP** TO THE MOST **FAITHFUL, COURAGEOUS, UNCORRUPTIBLE...**

HO-HUM... ALL VERY ENLIGHTENING— BUT—WHEN D'WE EAT?



... AN'... AN'... I'D LIKE T'TAKE THIS OCCASION.... TO.... TO.... — WILL SOMEBODY PLEASE TURN OFF THAT BUZZ-SAW?

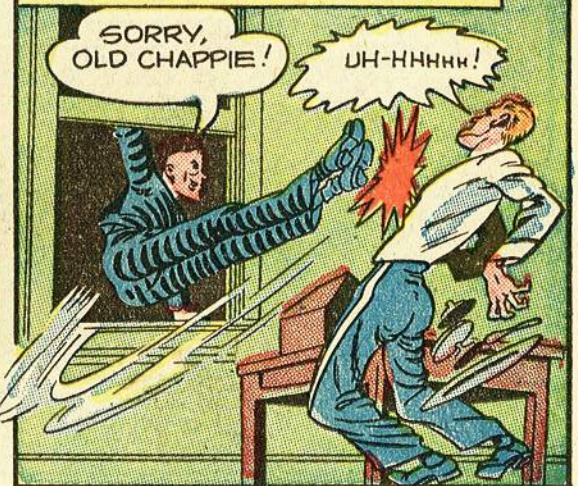
CHOMP!
CHOMP!
GULP
—ERP!!!



MEANWHILE... AS A WAITER ENTERS THE KITCHEN'S STOREROOM...

SORRY, OLD CHAPPIE!

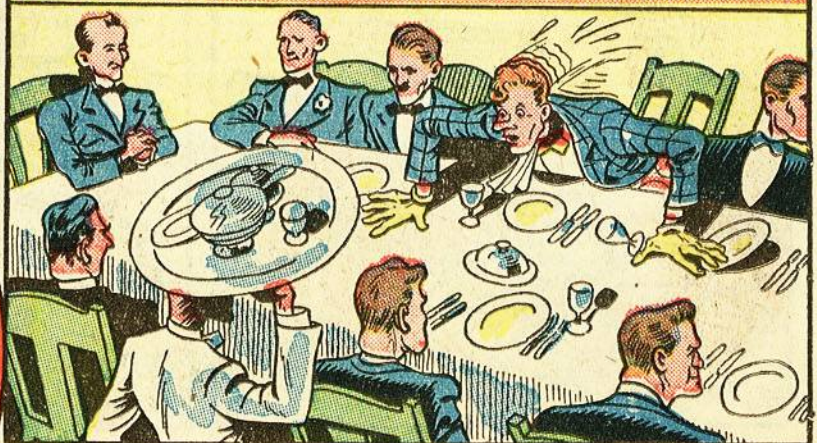
UH-HHHH!



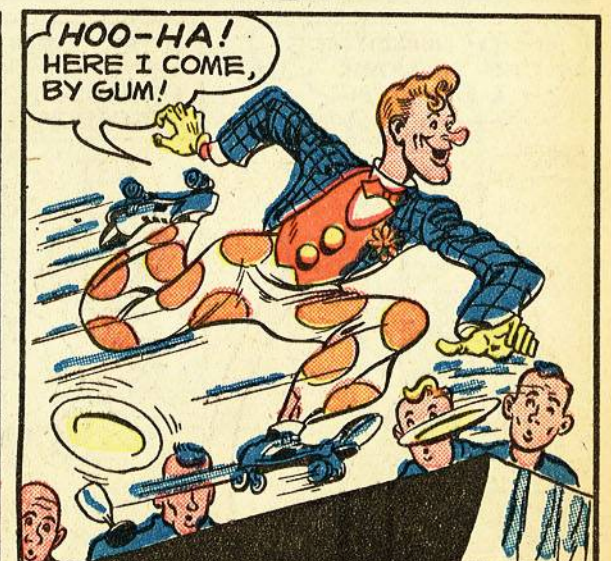
HI-HO! HI-HO! IT'S OFF TO WORK I GO--!!



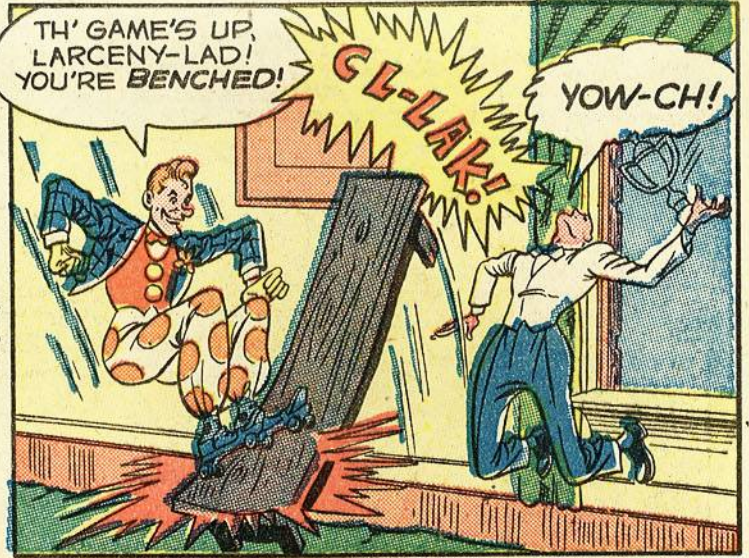
A TRAY OBSCURING HIS FEATURES, **SLIPPERY SLIM** ENTERS THE BANQUET ROOM ON HIS MISCHIEVOUS ERRAND. NONE OF THE LAW-ENFORCERS PRESENT RECOGNIZE HIM, EXCEPT—YOU GUESSED IT—**FUNNYMAN!**



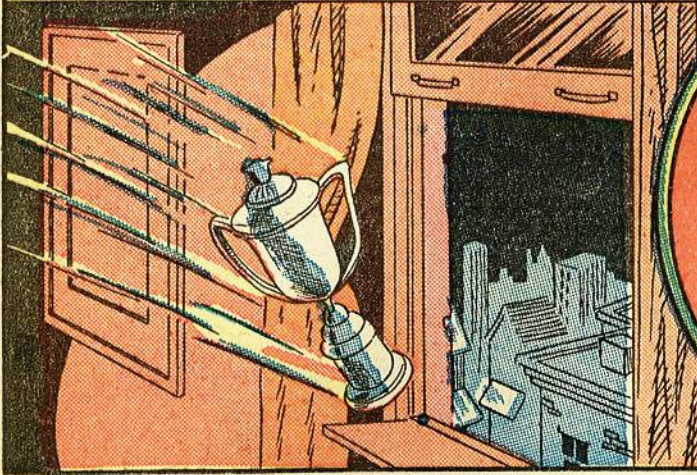
FUNNYMAN



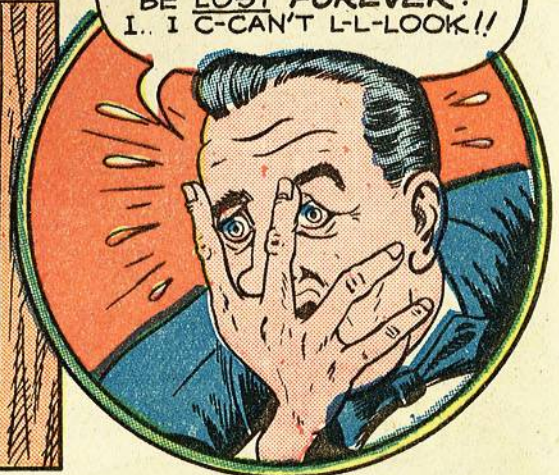
FUNNYMAN



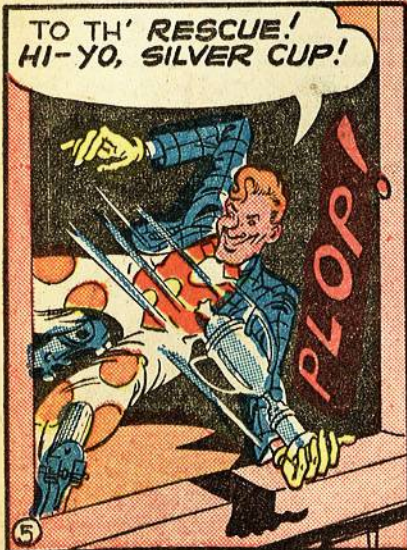
THROUGH SPACE, TOWARD AN OPEN WINDOW,
HURTLES **HARRIGAN'S** PRIDE AND JOY!



M-MY P-P-PRECIOUS
LOVING CUP!- IT'LL
BE LOST **FOREVER!**
I.. I C-CAN'T L-L-LOOK!!



TO TH' **RESCUE!**
HI-YO, **SILVER CUP!**



GRAND WORK,
YOUNG MAN!



THE END.

FUNNYMAN

FUNNYMAN

JERRY SIEGEL
JOE SHUSTER

TEE HEE!
FUNNYMAN ROMPS
T' TH' CLINK WITH BAD
GUYS REGULARLY..

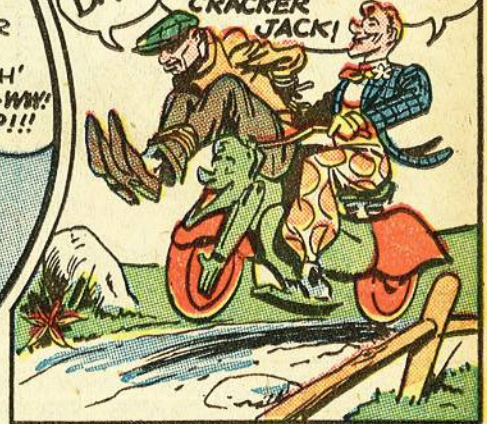
REMEMBER
THESE TWO?
THEY'RE
FUNNYMAN'S
MOST JEALOUS
IMITATORS--
LAFFMAN AND
COMICMAN--
AND, AS USUAL,
THEY'RE PREPAR-
ING TO DUMP
FLIES INTO
OUR HERO'S
OINTMENT!

BUT IF WE
CAN SWIPE
PROMINENT PREY
RIGHT FROM UNDER
HIS RED BEAK,
THEN WE'LL GET TH'
CREDIT: 'HYAW-HYAW-WH'
AREN'T WE DEVILS?!!!

ENROUTE TO THE LOCAL
BASTILLE--UNWARE OF AN
INIMICAL PLOT... THE WORLD'S
GOOFIEST GUMSHOE!

WHAT A BEAUTEUS DAY! TH'BIRDS
ARE A'TWITTERIN'-AND
I'VE CAPTURED SAFE-
CRACKER
JACK!

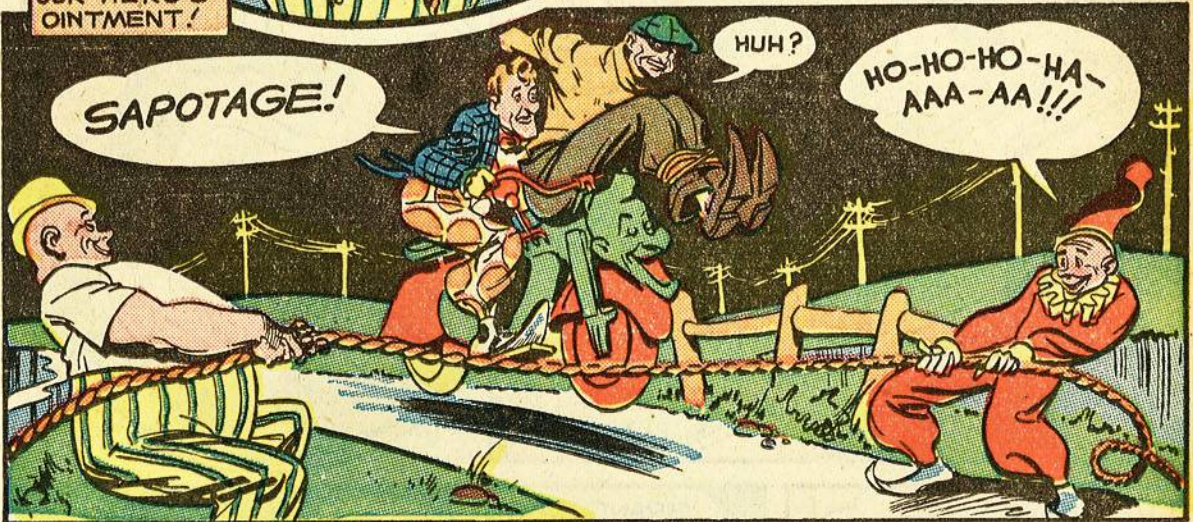
BAH!



SAPOTAGE!

HUH?

HO-HO-HO-HA-
AAA-AA!!!

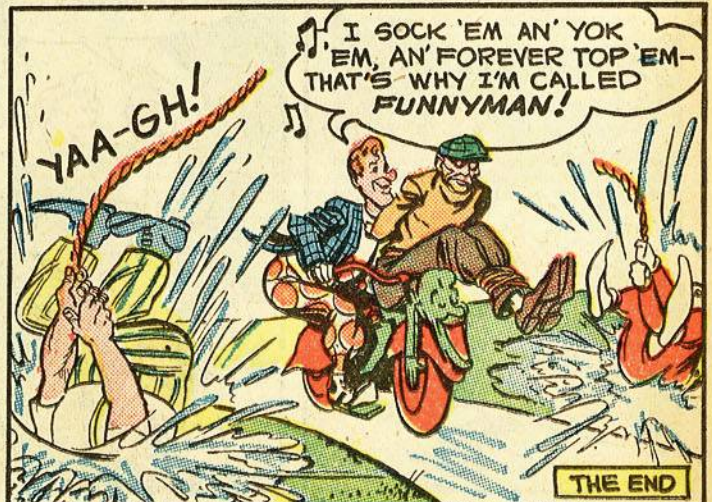


DOES FUNNYMAN FALTER BEFORE
THE SURPRISING MENACE?--'DEED
NOT!!... A TOUCH ON A HANDLEBAR-
BUTTON, AND,



I SOCK 'EM AN' YOK
'EM, AN' FOREVER TOP 'EM-
THAT'S WHY I'M CALLED
FUNNYMAN!

YAA-GH!



THE END

pened to him. He had another invention—well, maybe it wasn't exactly an invention, but an improvement on one. You know these rubber discs—suction cups—that the 'human fly' guys use? Steep improved on them. He found some special kind of rubber and made a three-way disc, cups with three suction parts to them. He had them fitted out with hand-grips and straps so he could use them on hands or feet. The things Steep could do with them would take your breath away.

Once I saw him walk up a big flagpole using those cups, walk up it and down it. That was before he met Slick Mafferty. Another time, two workers were marooned on a job when the suspension wires busted and left them hanging from a girder a couple of hundred feet over a solid cement sidewalk. Steep takes one look at them and bolts for the locker where he keeps his stuff.

He comes running back, slips two cups on his feet and two on his hands and he walks right up the upright iron girder, all the way to the top of that construction job. I'm telling you the gang was rooting and praying for him that afternoon.

Steep made it to the two marooned boys without much trouble, but when he wanted them to walk down the way he had come up, they wouldn't have any part of it. So Steep turns around, walks down and gets a rope and pulley. Lugging all that stuff he goes up, fixes the pulley to the girder, loops the rope through it and forms a noose-seat.

The gang on the ground took the other end of the rope, played it out and brought both those boys down safely. Steep? He just waited there to make sure the boys would be okay, then calm as if he was out wheeling a baby carriage he turns and comes walking down that girder. Height never bothered him. He'd grin and wave while we was all holding our breaths! Well, to get back to Slick Mafferty and that United Mines job—

We knew how Steep would do it. He'd put on those three-way suction cups and walk up that building wall to the window, jimmy it open, soup the safe and walk out the window, down the side of the building to the sidewalk. He'd take off the cups, get in a car and drive away. He never gave it a thought. To him, it was just another job. That was how he did do it, we learned later.

And there was the Rare Books Incorporated job. That one had the detectives scratching their heads. Seems there were a lot of old manuscripts by guys named Shakespeare, Bacon, Longfellow and other writers in a big room that was opened to the public for an hour a day. The guards swore up and down nobody was in that room when they locked it. But next day the manuscripts were gone.

Me and a couple of the boys figured out how Steep did that job. You see, there was a high

ceiling in that room. Steep just walked up the wall to a shadowy part of the ceiling, stuck himself flat to it in the shadows and hung there until the room was locked. Nobody looks up on the *ceiling* to see if anybody's hiding in a room. And the shadows were pretty black where Steep was hiding, so he wouldn't catch the eye. He took the manuscripts, opened the window and walked up to the roof and down the fire escape. For Steep, it was that easy.

But Steep overstepped himself, finally. He wasn't satisfied with the money he was getting from Slick. Or maybe he thought he was a one-man crime wave. He wanted newer horizons for his work. Anyhow, it all happened on the jewel company job.

Slick had his eyes on the diamonds and emeralds that were cut in the little rooms of the jewel company. There was a fortune in jewels. Slick knew fences who would pay almost as much as they were worth, to get some of the big babies that came out of the South African mines. He told Steep to go get a few handfuls of the gems.

Steep grumbled, "Sure, it's okay for you to tell me to go get 'em. But how about paying me a bigger commission? I'm worth plenty, I am."

"You!" sneered Slick. "Nobody would hire you but me. Now hurry up and get me those jewels, before I get sore and cut your price."

"Okay, okay!" yelled Steep. "But this is the last job I do for you! I'm out for better things! I'm going to get me some clients!"

Steep grabbed his suction cups and started out on his night's work. But he stopped off at a store before he went and bought some paint. Then he went to his rooms for an hour or so...

It was while he was on his way down the building wall with about a million bucks' worth of uncut stones in his overalls' pockets that a passerby saw him. He yelled for the coppers. There was quite a collection of blue-coats on the sidewalk when Steep came down.

How did the passerby see him? Steep *wanted* to be seen! That's right! Across his leather coat he had painted:

STEEP

I rob safes! I climb walls! Hire me for jobs nobody else can do!

And each of those letters was in glowing phosphorescent paint! Steep had figured all he needed was a little advertising and he could break away from Slick...

They're both up in the big house now. I kind of miss seeing Steep around. He was a dumb guy, all right. I guess the boys had him tabbed when they named him the Steeplejackass.

Don't you think so too?

THE END

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